

## A HALLOWEEN STORY

STRANGE BUT TRUE ROMANCE OF A BROTHER AND SISTER.

Stolen While Young, Each Prospered and Met at Last on Halloween in the Home of the Girl's English Guardian—A Handkerchief Episode.

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OR ages and in all Christian countries Halloween has been deemed a time when the fairies hold their grand anniversary and spirits detached from corporeal restraint are free to roam through space and read their own or the future of others. Hence it is the occasion for divining the answer to that momentous question which absorbs so large a share of the thoughts of romantic young men and maidens, "Whom am I to marry?"

Naturally such an occasion is not devoid of romance, and Halloween rarely recurs without reminding me of a story that was related to a party of friends a few years ago while homeward bound across the Atlantic. The center of the group was a handsome matron, and promenade the deck was a beautiful young girl of twenty, accompanied by two gentlemen. Pointing to them the old lady proudly said: "One of those gentlemen is my son, who is returning to America with his English bride; the other is her brother, who is making a visit to our country for the first time. If you don't mind listening to a bit of romance it may while away a pleasant half hour, and I'll tell it to you as it was told to me. The mother of my new daughter when a child resided in one of the most beautiful parts of England. Her parents were wealthy and all that heart could wish was at her command. Adjoining their estate was that of Squire Henry Percival, whose only son, Guy, was pledged almost from birth as the husband of the young heiress, the two mothers having been schoolmates and the two children having been born on the same day. They thus grew up together, with tastes in common, and together enjoyed all the sports of young people.

And now began the strange series of incidents that were narrated to me while in England by Uncle Guy, as we all call him, who still lives and is the adopted father of yonder happy bride. I forgot to tell you that her maiden name, like that of her mother, is Belle Bruce.

"I remember," said Uncle Guy, "that when we were about fifteen years of age Halloween arrived and all the young people of the neighborhood assembled in the big library of Percival hall to take part in the games and woo our sweethearts. During the evening Belle and I engaged in a romp with her handkerchief, which she had tied in a ball, and by accident, while it was being tossed to and fro, I threw it behind one of the large pictures hanging in the library.

"Time wore on, and Belle went to Paris to engage in study and especially to cultivate her voice, which was a contralto of great compass, while I was sent to Italy to pursue my bent in painting.

"During the next few years I worked assiduously at my profession as an artist and won my share of its honors and wealth. One day while sauntering through the streets of Florence with an old English friend we were accosted in our own language by a handsome little fellow who stopped in the midst of a singularly familiar English air, and begged us to buy some of the music he had for sale. We both quickly became interested, and I said, 'Youngster, where did you learn that song, and how is it that you speak English so well?'

"My mother was an English lady," was the reply, "and she taught it to me; it was her favorite song. But I'm no youngster; I'm a girl," she added.

"Becoming still more interested, I made inquiries concerning her history. She told me that her mother had died long before and left her brother and herself in charge of a kind lady who was to send them to their relatives in England as soon as she could find a way; that while playing in the street an old woman from whom she had run away had stolen them from home and taken them to other cities. It was a very, very long time, she said, since her mother died.



"What was your mother's name?" I inquired. "She had two names," was the answer, "but she told me to always say to English people that her name was Belle Bruce, and that is my name. She told me, too, that some time I might meet a man who would be good to me for her sake—Guy Percival—and I have always been looking for him." When I announced that I was Guy the little girl threw herself into my arms, crying with joy, and together we hurried to my residence, where as quickly as possible garments were provided befitting her sex and position.

"My next step was to find the family to whom little Belle had been left by her mother, and by dint of much questioning I was at last enabled to locate them in Milan and to learn that the name was

Valerio. Thither we journeyed as rapidly as possible, and I was soon possessed of all the desired information. She had been one of the favorite pupils of Professor Valerio, and having a magnificent voice easily secured a position on the operatic stage, making an instant success. In Paris or Brussels she fell in love with an Italian tenor and they were married. A boy and girl resulted from the union, but the brutal nature of the husband forced her to leave him. Subsequently he died, and her own health failing she returned to the home of the Valerios in Milan, where she, too, passed away. One morning while the children were at play in front of the house they were abducted.

"Returning to Florence with my charge I determined to defer all engagements and go at once to my home in England, where little Belle could have the care of my mother and be educated as became her station in life. In the four years that elapsed she received instruction in the best schools and under the best masters, and at eighteen was a tall, handsome woman, inheriting the beauty of person and purity of voice of her dead mother. The little sprite, however, from the day of her rescue insisted upon being called Belle Percival 'because that was her Uncle Guy's name.'

And now (resumed the old lady, as if in reality she had been allowing somebody else to talk) I may tell the rest of the story in my own way because it concerns me and mine. There, walking together, as I remarked in the beginning, are brother and sister, restored after all these long years of separation to each other's arms. How did it come about? Well, in this wise, and you will agree with me that Providence performs its wonders in a mysterious way:

After my son's graduation from Yale, some two years ago, when he desired to visit Europe, we accompanied him and made an extended tour of the Continent. During our stay in Rome he became acquainted with a tall, handsome, dark-eyed young man, who, though looking every inch an Italian, spoke English with perfect fluency. He was the protégé of an American artist named Irving, who had found him a stray waif in the streets when a mere



"SEE HERE," HE EXCLAIMED, lad, taken him to his home, adopted him and given him the family name. His first name is Vivian. The acquaintance quickly ripened into an intimate friendship, and at the solicitation of my son Mr. Irving permitted him to become our guest. Thus he traveled with us for several weeks. While in Florence we visited among other studios that of Mr. Guy Percival, and my husband, impressed by the beauty of his paintings, became an extensive purchaser. Naturally this led to a reciprocal feeling, and the result was that that gentleman invited us to accompany him on his usual annual jaunt to his English home.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the hospitable character of our reception except in so far as it influenced the destiny of those three young people so merrily walking back and forth. The lovely hostess at her first glance took possession of all our hearts, and before the evening was spent I intuitively felt that both Vivian and my son were desperately in love.

The end of October was approaching, and with it the time to start for home. But at the solicitation of Mr. Percival we agreed to stay and participate in the pleasures of Halloween. And now came the unexpected climax.

We were all in the great library, guests from within the mansion and guests from without. The evening had been crowded with merriment, and if there was a sad face present it was that of Mr. Percival as he thought perhaps of the past. A game of blind man's bluff was in progress, with Belle as "the blind man," and groping her way through the throng she accidentally touched a picture. There fell to the floor a handkerchief rolled in a ball and covered with dust. Mr. Percival sprang forward at the same instant and seizing the ball began to untie it. "See here!" he exclaimed excitedly as he exposed one corner. "Your name—your mother—Belle Bruce! I threw it there when we were playing together years and years ago this very night!" And tears filled his eyes.

"Belle Bruce! Belle Bruce!" repeated Vivian Irving. "That is the name of my mother, too, who died in Milan while I was a child and left me and my sister among strangers. We were stolen, and I have never seen my sister since." "Yes, you have—for she is here by your side—Belle Bruce—your own sister!" again exclaimed Mr. Percival. "Thank God! The lost has been found!" And while he was yet speaking Vivian and Belle were entwined in each other's arms and mingling their tears of joy.

There were no more romps and frolics that night, for the occasion had become too sacred, and when the guests departed we sat around and listened to the whole story just as I have told it to you. The next day Belle and my son had an interview, and when it ended his eyes, too, contained a new light. We shall all of us remember the precious gifts that came to us from Halloween.

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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.	
Bonds and mortgages	\$138,400 00
Real Estate	5,000 00
U. S. and other bonds	31,984 00
Interest due and accrued	4,000 00
Office furniture, etc.	200 00
Cash in bank and office	19,975 97
	\$217,959 97

LIABILITIES.	
Due depositors (including interest)	\$200,987 94
Surplus	17,821 66
	\$217,959 97

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and July in each year, and on the third and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

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Handsome Mantel Clocks, regular price \$4.00, now selling at \$2.00. Nickel Alarm Clocks, warranted for a year, \$1.00 each. Gentlemen's solid 14 K Gold Watches have been \$60.00, now reduced to 50.00, spot cash.

Ladies' Solid Gold 14 K American Watches have been \$40.00, now at 30.00 to 35.00, depending on the ornamentation.

J. KENDALL SMITH,  
663 Broad Street, Newark.

October 3, 1892.  
ESTATE OF ANNE BALDWIN, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

EDWIN M. WARD.

August 18, 1892.  
ESTATE OF THOMAS ALBINSON, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

THOMAS H. ALBINSON, FREDERICK R. PILCH.

August 20, 1892.  
ESTATE OF JOHN BAUSEWEIN, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

AUGUST BAUSEWEIN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT—NOTICE  
is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscribers' Assignee of George K. Stupphen, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 23rd day of November next.

HARRY E. RICHARDS.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT—NOTICE  
is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscribers' Assignee of James A. Williams, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 23rd day of November next.

GEORGE E. DECAMPE.

Dated September 15, 1892.

1858.

1892.

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